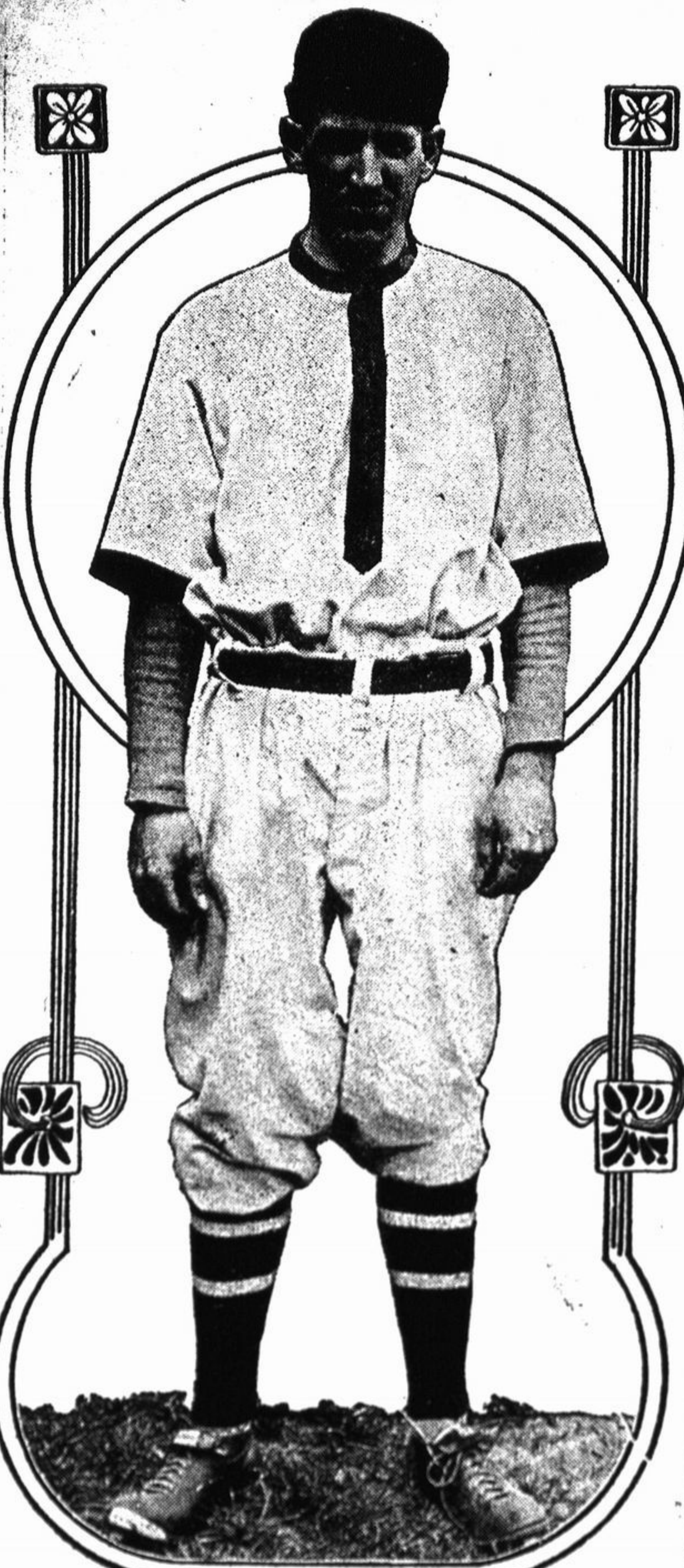


SCOUTS SECURE STAR PITCHERS FOR GIANTS



Al Demaree, Leading Twirler of Southern League.

Combing the underbrush of the minor leagues are several scouts who are on the trail of young pitchers for the New York Nationals. No league is too small to be explored, no tip so humble as to be ignored, and no price too big if the goods are delivered. The ivory hunters have been fanning the jungles for many weeks, and now, with drafting days are here, they are springing their traps.

Manager McGraw recently announced the purchase of Pitcher Al Demaree from the Mobile club of the Southern League, and of pitcher Bader from the Dallas club of the Texas League. Larne Kirby, the Michigan bearcat, is already on the job. Demaree and Bader and some others may show in the fall. But the whole mob will be in Marlin next spring.

Demaree is the leading pitcher of the Southern League. He is no raw youngster, but this is the best season he has ever had. He has been roaming around in the minors about five years, and once had a brief trial with the Yankees. No Southern League pitcher has held the enemy to as few runs and hits as Demaree. He has eight or ten shutouts to his credit, and it is largely through his efforts that Mobile is in second place.

Demaree was one of the pitchers who shut out the Giants for thirteen innings in Mobile last spring when the champions played a scoreless tie with the Sea Gulls. He is a right-hander with ability to "mix 'em up," and knows how to work batsmen. His speed is not remarkable, and he is not a big chap.

STARS AT INITIAL CUSHION

Hobfitzel, Red Player, Ranks High With Major League Baseman—Good With Stick.

Lacking in years, but already ranked as one of the excellent players of the day, is Richard Carlton Hobfitzel, the heavy port side hitter and able first baseman of the Reds. "Hobby" is only 23 years old, but if a man was asked to pick a better first-sacker, counting in hitting ability, winning spirit and general disposition, he



First Baseman Hobfitzel.

would be hard put to find a name to place ahead of that youngster from West Virginia.

Two brief years ago "Hobby" was an unknown quantity. When he reported to the Reds at Atlanta in the spring of 1908 it looked for a time as if he would be beaten for the first

base job by Chick Autrey, a left-hander and a player of much more experience than Richard, but, by dint of sticking to his work with tenacity, "Hobby" won out in the fight for the position, and now there is not a club in the league which would not be proud to number him among its regular players.

AROUND THE BASES

Tim Jordan is wanted by the Pittsburgh club.

It is said that Joe Jackson, Cleveland's great performer, draws only \$3,000.

"Polly" Parritt, the best pitcher of the Fort Worth team, has been sold to Los Angeles.

Thirty-five extra-inning games have been played in the National league this season, 26 in the American.

Charles Murphy is credited with saying: "The more I hear from my scouts, the better I like my present club."

Pitcher Keefe of the Reds should help Rochester immensely in its race for the flag in the International league.

Claude Rossman and Charlie Carr, a couple of veterans, are fighting for batting supremacy in the American association.

Kid Eilberfeld, who was in a bad way last spring, is playing the game of his life for Montgomery in the Southern league.

Rafael Almeida is acting as scout for the Cincinnati team in the Southern league. Among others he has recommended himself.

A FEW LITTLE SMILES



Cruelty to a Vacationist. That's what I call mean.

"What?" "I sent Brown a card from our summer cottage, and to make him jealous I wrote on it that I was having fresh fish for dinner every day."

"Well?" "He sent me one right back saying that after receiving my card he went into a barber-shop for a shave, ate a porterhouse steak for dinner, and before retiring took a nice cold bath in a porcelain tub, then mentioned incidentally that there were no flies in his bedroom, either."

Quite Likely. "Here is a country newspaper which contains the account of a rural dance, but, strange to say, the editor does not refer to the crowd as 'tripping the light fantastic.'"

"Perhaps they don't." "How is that?" "Oh, rustic folk are much enlightened these days. Perhaps they did the 'turkey trot' and the 'grizzly bear.'"

Awful Fix. "Peggy's in a terrible fix." "What's the trouble?" "She's just counted up and found she's refused a dozen offers of marriage, and now though she's crazy to marry Dick, she's afraid to accept him because he's the thirteenth."—Boston Transcript.

The Judicial Mind. "I think my husband must have a judicial mind." "Why?" "Whenever I catch him doing anything he ought not to be is ready to spring a precedent on me by insisting that some other man whom I have respected has done the same thing."

SAFE AND SANE SYMPATHY.



"I make it a practice never to kick a man when he is down." "Then you are for the under dog?" "Yes—if I can be for him from across the street."

As Usual. "Tis now the summer bachelor Piles dishes mountains high. And sighs the while he looks at them: 'I'll wash them by and by.'"

Or Rah-rah Socks. "How are we to get the plain people this year? All the candidates are college graduates." "Our side has its plans mapped out. We're going to tell 'em that our man never wore a clamshell cap when he went to college."

Over Sooner. "Will you have a biplane or a monoplane?" asked the salesman. "What's the difference?" "With a monoplane I believe you hit the earth a little quicker when the smash comes."

Growing Dearer Daily. "He says he loves his wife better every year." "And I believe him. That woman has received three inheritances since he married her."

The Resemblance. "My easy chair always puts me in mind of a mountain gorge." "How's that?" "I suppose because a sleepy hollow naturally recalls a yawning chasm."

A Difference. Howell—Does he take things philosophically? Powell—Yes, but he doesn't part with them philosophically.—Woman's Home Companion.

Appropriate. "I was reading out of the paper to George today that hairdressing was to be more elaborate than ever." "What did he say?" "Oh, rats!"

FORCE OF HABIT.

Two nice young girls, out for early bargains, met in front of a store on the avenue.

"I saw you in church yesterday, dear," gurgled one.

"Oh, were you in church?" gurgled the other.

"Yes, love. And I noticed that you had at last made your husband accompany you to divine worship."

"Of course he went with me. He'd rather go to the theater, but the theaters aren't showing anything on Sundays now. But he disgraced me."

"In church? How?" "The rector read four chapters from The Acts of the Apostles. And my husband insisted on getting up and going out after every act."

The Careful Jailer. Prison Warden—It's just been found out that you didn't commit that crime you've been in for all these years, and so the governor has pardoned you. Innocent Man—Um—I'm pardoned, am I?

Prison Warden—Y-e-s, but don't go yet. I'll have to telegraph for further instructions.

Innocent Man—What about. Prison Warden—Seems to me that considerin' you hadn't any business here, you ought to pay the state for your board.—New York Weekly.

A SOCIAL WARNING.



Stranger (in Bad Man's Land)—I think that I shall make a few informal calls.

Bad Bill—Stranger, don't do it. Whether you're callin', raisin' or layin' down, take my advice an' observe all the formalities of the game.

Limitit. An open countenance he bath. Indeed, his check, so monumental, is crossed by such a length of smile The sparkling "Ta" get horizontal.

A More Serious Loss. The train puffed cityward from the summer resort.

"You look downcast," said the first summer girl. "Have you left your heart behind?" "Left my best parasol," snapped the second summer girl, with a frown.

Nothing Green. "What are you bawling about, wife?" "Husband, Tommy has eaten a little green caterpillar." "Caution not to eat anything in the country that isn't ripe."

Forebodings. Gambler—My dear, I am very much afraid this child is going to disgrace me when he grows up. Wife—Why so? Gambler—He gives every sign of becoming a squealer.

A Similar Tale. "Uncle, tell me about Ali Baba and the forty thieves." "I do not remember that story. But I will, if you like, tell you about my European trip and the forty hotel keepers."

Make Him Take It. "What shall we do with a politician who refuses to take his medicine?" "Guess we'll have to handle him like they do those English suffragettes. Hold his nose and pour it down his throat."

WISDOM OF EXPERIENCE.



Hubby—But why do you insist that our daughter should marry old Goldbug when she hates the very sight of him? You married for love, didn't you? Wife—Yes; but that's no reason why I should stand by and see our daughter make the same mistake.

The Cool Wave. A few cool nights and days. Once more arrive. They drive the sun's hot rays. And we revive.

A Number. "I understand when Smith went out for the first time in his new machine he struck quite a gait." "I believe he struck about a dozen gates before he finished the machine."

WHO WHO—and Why

THINKS MARKETING ONE OF LOST ARTS



Many influential and prominent women of New York city are actively co-operating with the city commission in furthering the adopted plan for the creation of public markets. Among the most enthusiastic, who is waging a systematic campaign for the creation of such a system, is Mrs. Elmer Black, the international peace advocate.

"Our plan now before the city authorities is a feasible one," said Mr. Driggs, "and one which both Mr. Miller and myself have given months of study to after long investigation of the subject in this and other countries. We are asking for five blocks, convenient to all lines of transportation, in Little West Twelfth street. The land would cost around \$3,500,000 and the buildings about that much more.

"Such markets are certain effectively to reduce the cost of living and at the same time encourage farming interests. As it is now, the actual loss to farmers is great, especially in such cases where, because of congested freight conditions, owing to inadequate handling facilities, the stuff is allowed to rot before it reaches the market."

Mrs. Elmer Black, who has made a comprehensive study of foreign markets, declared that the American woman, if she wants earnestly to help reduce the cost of living, must follow the example set by her European sister and go to market.

"Marketing is practically a lost art in the cities of this country," she declared. "Women will shop for half a day for a yard of ribbon at a bargain sale, and then rush to the delicatessen or little nearby grocery, or perhaps use the phone to get their food supplies."

JUDGE SWANN ON THE "INNER CIRCLE"

"They worship no God save graft, and they bow down at the shrine of their idolatry!"

In these words Judge Edward Swann of the court of general sessions in New York, summed up the police situation. Judge Swann has been a careful and patient student of the police system for many years. He has upon numerous occasions seen fit to speak about police matters from the bench.

He has listened, with astonishment at times, to the testimony given by policemen and police detectives at the trials of men charged with being common gamblers. And upon more than one occasion he has heard the foreman of a jury return a verdict of "Not guilty" in gambling cases where the district attorney had to rely almost exclusively upon the testimony of policemen and their stool pigeons.

Judge Swann was asked if in his opinion and from information that had come to him in his official capacity gambling houses and disorderly resorts could exist unless the police stood for such places and for the violation of the law.

"You cannot make me believe that such resorts could run wide open, or run at all, for any length of time, unless the police knew about it," he said. "I wish to say right here that the police department is as a rule made up of a lot of honest, courageous, fearless men. I am very fond of the every-day policeman. But in this present inquiry that has been brought about by the brutal murder of Herman Rosenthal it is shown that graft exists in the police department today."



MAKES BIG GIFT ON KRUPP CENTENARY



In honor of the centenary of the great Krupp works at Essen the company has donated \$3,500,000 to be distributed as gratuities to the 70,000 workmen, as welfare funds for citizens of Essen, and for the army and navy.

Dr. Sydow, the Prussian minister of commerce, who attended the celebration, announced that a large number of orders would be conferred on Krupp employees by the emperor.

Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, the richest woman in Germany, whose wealth is estimated at \$70,000,000, was hostess to kings.

The celebration, for which preparations have been going forward for nearly two years, was attended by Emperor William at the head of a brilliant galaxy of his fellow German sovereigns, generals, admirals and civic dignitaries.

The festivities lasted an entire week and were of a most imposing and memorable character. The chief feature was a great pageant, which symbolized the substitution of firearms for the old weapons of the middle ages. The principal scene of the pageant was an episode from the life of Emperor Maximilian I., and 250 retired officers of the German army played the parts of knights.

VINCENT ASTOR SENDS ROSES TO J. J. VI

According to the announcement given out by Dr. Crágin, the Astor family physician, John Jacob Astor VI, is getting along beautifully. The lusty infant's mother is also doing well. As for the little heir, he is phenomenally healthy and picking up weight amazingly.

The servants of the great Astor mansion at Sixty-fifth street and Fifth avenue continue in a state of strenuous activity receiving presents for the heir and multitudes of messages of congratulations for the mother.

William Vincent Astor acknowledged the arrival of a half-brother by cabling to a Fifth avenue florist to send Mrs. Astor a magnificent bunch of American Beauty roses. Other members of the Astor family have also sent flowers and presents.

There was also a cablegram from Vincent Astor congratulating his step-mother. The young head of the American branch of the Astor family, who may have a legal battle on his hands to defend his \$150,000,000 inheritance from partition in favor of the pet-born heir, is motoring on the continent with his mother, Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, and his sister Muriel.

